The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

What Can I do For Jesus?

Child.

What can I do for Jesus,
A little child like me,
Will He care that I love Him
Or meekly bend the knee?

I am so small and feeble,
And He so far away,
Will He then kindly listen
To hear me when I pray?

Teacher.

Dear child, the gentle Saviour
To all is ever kind,
And even little children
His face may seek and find.

He listens to the smallest
Who seek to serve Him here,
And to their frail petitions
He lends a willing ear.

Child.

But can I labor for Him,
And work as well as pray?
O I would fain do something,
So great a debt to pay.

I never should be idle,
If aught that I can do
Will please my loving Saviour
And have His blessing too.

Teacher.

You can do much for Jesus,
And please him every day,
By being pure and holy,
A gentle child alway.

You can do much for Jesus,
E'en more than you can know,
When with kind words and actions
You scatter joys below.

You can do much for Jesus,
Who doth the children love,
And says of such His kingdom
In the bright world above.

Child.

O then I'll praise my Jesus,
And joyfully will sing,
The babe of Bethlehem's manger
Is Saviour, Lord and King.
He stoops to my petition,
And guards me every hour,
I'll sing his praise forever,
His mercy, love and power.

A. M. W. C.

For the Myrtle.

The Foundling Hospital, London.

WHAT mysterious ideas I used to connect with the porter's lodge at the Foundling Hospital! It was there that the bell rang whenever the poor little babies, with a bit of ribbon or rag, an old key, or even a bit of broken earthen ware tied to their necks, as distinguishing marks, were, as I supposed, left by their parents at the door in a basket, which was popularly imagined to have been suspended there for that purpose.

It was a pretty sight to see the little boys in brown tunics and drawers, with white stockings, and broad white collars, playing on one side of the grounds, and on the other side, playing, knitting, or walking about in twos and threes, with their arms round each other's waists, the girls, wearing, down to the tiniest, long brown frocks, mittens, white capes and aprons, and tall white caps such as the wife of Washington wore, of whom Thomas Coram, the good old skipper who

founded the Hospital, was said to be a great admirer. It is sad to think that Thomas Coram was once, when ill, refused admittance to one of the very hospitals that he had founded. And it is only lately that a statue has been erected, at the front entrance of the Foundling, to his memory.

Two days in the week the Foundling grounds were open to the public, and sometimes Annie Yolland and I went there to stroll amongst the fine trees and flower beds, along the old red brick walls overgrown with ivy, and around the swan pond where there was a little island summer-house for the swans; and then to a knoll where the boy's brass band performed some of the most beautiful selections, the youthful leader wielding his baton with great energy, much to our admiration. Some in the audience would say that teaching the boys to play was absurd, and likely to make them feel above their station in life, but others would argue that the power to please others as well as themselves by such talents, would tend to sweeten and lighten their labors and make them more contented with their lot.

Oh, how pleasant were the morning services in the cosy looking chapel on Sundays! The chants and anthems sung by a fine choir, for which some of the first singers of the day were often engaged, the voices of the elder children joining in. In the gallery sat the girls in their clean linen, looking like rows of pink and white flowers, and some of them holding in their arms the wee toddles of children, who were sure to fall asleep before the sermon was half over. Then after service those of the congregation who chose to do so could pass through the rooms lined with glass cases in which were preserved tokens that had come with different babies. Some of them were scraps of paper yellow with age, on which names had been inscribed, scarcely legible now, by which the babies so labelled had been called.

And then there were rooms hung with paintings by Hogarth, Gainsborough and other masters. But the dining hall, that was the great centre of attraction. The girls and boys marched in to dinner at separate tables, waited standing, folded their hands, closed their eyes and said grace, sat down and began to eat, all to the sounding of a French horn. The older girls carved for the younger, handed their servings of roast beef, potatoes and cabbage, their constant Sunday's dinner, cut it up for them, or fed them, and all seemed to have very hearty appetites. Then the visitors would ask questions of the children, who, between their politeness in answering readily, and their desire to eat, occasionally came very near choking. And sometimes you would see ladies, with their veils down, crying at sight of all these innocent foundlings, and perhaps seeing amongst them a face that brought back some sad memory. I once heard a gentleman say that when the boys and girls were apprenticed out they often met, made each other's acquaintance, and after a time married each other, and that these marriages had so far turned out well; and that once he had known of a child being claimed by her father, who was very wealthy, and that day after day she would come in a magnificent carriage, with servants in livery, and stop in front of the Foundling to watch her former companions at their play.

I have read somewhere that one of the physicians made the statement, that though every attention was paid to the health and comfort of the children they did not grow to the usual height of English men and women. Perhaps it is that their life has not sufficient freedom and is too like the precision of clock-work. Their babyhood is not that of the outer world in its brightest aspect, petted and caressed by tender mothers, free from restraint almost as the birds in the gardens where they play.

I once knew a charming old lady who had been matron at the Foundling. She was plump and dimpled, very fair, and blue eyed. She wore white curls, a cap and gold spectacles, and I often thought how the little Foundling children must have loved her, especially when they heard her silvery voice in tones of pity. But Miss Marten told me that if she caressed or kissed a child, or gently smoothed its hair, as she often was moved to do, it was not approved of by the authorities, who considered that this would tend to make it too sensitive, and unfit it for the battles and rough places of life to which it should on the contrary be hardened. Many a time had Miss Marten seen the smallest children fall on the gravelled walks and hurt themselves severely without their shedding a tear. And once she knew a girl to fall down and break her arm without uttering a cry. So Spartan-like is the spirit cultivated amongst them!

But instead of stopping to think how a mother would have kissed and even wept over the bruises and wounds, and broken arm, comforting with words of pitying love, let us remember the

filthy courts and alleys, homes of disease, where puny infants abused by drunken parents, drag on a half fed, half clothed, wholly ignorant and vicious existence, and let us say, "A great charity is this, that saves so many dear children from such a hideous fate."

Clelia Lega Weeks.

My Visitors.

Some little friends have been visiting me, and I have tried to revive all my old, childlike games for their benefit, to keep them from being homesick.

About the first thing I tried was that old-fashioned amusement of telling riddles. I wonder if all the little readers can guess this one :

I'm captain of a company
That counts full twenty-six,
And also with a party five
I deign to intermix ;
With Adam I was seen to stay,
But Eve I do not like ;
I'm always seen throughout the day,
But never in the night ;
From sun and moon I stand afar,
While you may see me in a star.

Essie did not even make an attempt to guess it, thinking that she could not. So I told her another.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features,
One of us in glass is set,
One of us is found in jet,
One of us you'll find in tin,
And a fourth a box within,
While if the fifth you would pursue,
It can never fly from you,
And if the sixth you would espy,
You may find it in an eye.

The answer to the first one is the letter A. It is *captain* of the alphabet, and one of the vowels. The answer to the second riddle is the vowels, A, E, I, O, U, Y.

Another that amused them very much, was the following :

What force and strength can not get through
I with a gentle touch can do,
And many in the streets would stand,
Were I not as a friend at hand.

The answer is, a key.

When our stock of riddles and conundrums was exhausted we tried "Ship has Arrived." I presume the most of your little friends are used to this play ; but some of them may not be, so I will describe it for them. Some letter of the alphabet is decided upon as the initial of the words to be used. Then, if there is a company of players, a ball is thrown from one to the other, the one throwing it saying, "Ship has arrived !" The one receiving it asks, "What is it laden with ?" Supposing the letter chosen to be the letter S, the other will reply Salt, Sugar, Saleratus, Salamanders, or Silver, or anything else beginning with S. The one who receives the ball then throws it to another in the same way, and it keeps passing on till the company can think of no more words commencing with that letter. Any one using a word that has been used before, has to pay a pawn. The one who can think of most words is called best fellow. My little friends and I adapted the game to our circumstances, and as I did not wish to discontinue my work, we omitted the ball, and as there were only three of us, answered alternately.

Then we played proverbs. One of us would select a proverb that we thought the other was familiar with, and the other would ask questions. The answer to the first question wou'd contain the first word of the proverb. The answer to the second question the second, and so on. If we could pick out the words of the proverb from the others, and guess it, well and good ; if not, we would have to be told. Take, for instance, the proverb "To be good is to be happy." Perhaps the first question would be,

Do you like peaches ?
Answer. I like *to* eat them.
Do you like grapes ?
Ans. To *be* sure.
Are you fond of cherries ?
Ans. If they are *good.*
Do you like to go sleigh-riding ?
Ans. Yes, if it *is* good sleighing.
What do you like best ?
Ans. *To* go to school.
What do you dislike most ?
Ans. To *be* whipped.
What did you do Christmas ?
Ans. We had a *happy* time.

Here are some of the proverbs we used, and they are worth remembering by every one :

'Tis not all gold that glitters.
Handsome is that handsome does.
Children should be seen, not heard.
All is well that ends well.
Fools laugh at their own folly.
Make hay while the sun shines.
Never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day. — *Christian Monitor.*

For the Myrtle.

The Bitter Cup.

"Drink it up."
The mother's tones, so brave and gay
Take half the bitterness away.
The child no longer seeks to stay
The dreaded cup.

"Drink it up."
He hears the firm, the kind request;
He knows the medicine is best;
He leans upon the loving breast
And drains the cup.

"Drink it up."
Oh, when life's bitter cup we prove
And pray in vain that it remove,
May such a tender voice above
Make sweet the cup.

"Drink it up."
The cup our Father bids us drain,
However filled with woe and pain,
Its bitterness is not in vain, —
'Tis healing's cup.

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

The New Scholar.

"Teacher-ma'am!"

Miss Moore had just opened her school on the first day after vacation, and was arranging her classes, when this queer little piping voice came from the open doorway.

She looked up, and the sight was as queer as the voice. A wee tot of a girl, perhaps three years old, with an old hood tied over her tangled hair, though it was summer, and little slippers on her wet feet that had come through the dew, a large doll, very much the worse for wear, under one arm, its arms hanging down one side and its legs the other; and in the other hand a limp basket full of soiled letter-blocks which she held out pleadingly towards Miss Moore.

"Teacher ma'am, may I come and learn my letters?"

It was such a funny little scene that all the scholars laughed and the teacher laughed too. But seeing the little one began to look troubled and then frightened, she answered her, turning her chair and holding out her arms to the child,

"Certainly you may come in, my little dear; come right here, and talk with me about it."

At this the little one sought refuge in the inviting arms, and cast her burden of blocks and dolly into the friendly lap.

"Now tell me whose little girl you are," said Miss Moore.

"Mamma's," said the child promptly.

"And who is mamma? What is her name?"

"Name's mamma."

Mamma — what?" inquired Miss Moore, as if she almost knew.

"'Tisn't nothing else but mamma—only papa," added the child as an afterthought.

"Well, then, what is your name?"

"I'm Mabel, *I* am."

"Mabel what?"

"Mabel—*free* years old, last June," said Mabel, and that was as far as they could get towards an introduction.

Miss Moore looked puzzled. She looked at the child's wet feet.

"Why, that will never do, Mabel," she said. "You will get cold and be mamma's little sick girl if you stay here with your feet so wet. You must let me take off your shoes and stockings and put them in the sun to dry, and you must sit up in my lap, if you want to learn your letters. Will you?"

"Yes'm," said Mabel, demurely.

Miss Moore took Mabel in her lap, and while she was undressing her feet and rubbing them

dry and warm, she talked to the scholars and gave them some lessons. But they could not do much studylng with this queer little visitor about. She put the slippers and stockings in the window to dry, and wrapped the little feet up in her sack, to Mabel's great delight.

"Now let's read the letters." cried Mabel.

"Yes, we will," said Miss Moore. "But first, can't you tell me where you came from?" Mabel looked puzzled. "Did you come up the road or down the road?" said Miss Moore, pointing with her finger.

"Oh yes," said Mabel, pointing too, "up the road and down the road, oh, a *great* ways I came."

Miss Moore gave up in despair, and turned to the letters.

"Well, what is this one?" she said.

"Why, don't you know?" said Mabel in surprise.

"Yes, I know," said Miss. Moore, while the scholars laughed again. "Shall I tell you what it is?"

"'F you please," said Mabel meekly.

"That is B," said Miss Moore, "B; can you say it after me?"

Mabel said B, and then picked up another block.

"That is S, can you say S?"

Mabel said S.

"And perhaps you know what that is, that is O, big, round O, — say it."

And so they went through the whole list, Miss Moore saying the letters and Mabel saying them after her.

The last was M.

"That is M," said Miss Moore.

"Why, no it isn't," said Mabel reproachfully.

"What is it, then?" said Miss Moore, smiling with the rest.

"That's Mabel, and that."—picking up B—"is brotner, and that's papa, and that's mamma, and that's *crooked* S, and that's *oh* dear me. *You* don't know 'em right, *I* fink."

Here was the teacher taught! Mabel had thought she must be told her letters by the teacher, whether she knew them or not!

At this point a boy rapped at the door and put an anxious face in at the same time.

"Please, teacher," he began, "mother wants to know if you have seen," and then ended "why Mabel Brown, what are you here for?"

Two little arms were outstretched and two little feet kicked out of the sack and ran pattering across the floor.

"O Willie, I *did* learn my letters, and the teacher ma'am didn't know 'em so good as I did!"

Then Willie explained how Mabel lived almost a mile away, and that he went to Master Campbell's school, but Mabel had declared that when *she* got big enough she should go to the "teacher ma'am's" school. So she had run away, and frightened them nearly wild, until they thought where to look for her.

But Mabel could not be made to feel that it was naughty. She marched home with her brother, triumphant, to tell her mamma how she had taught the "teacher ma'am."

H. A. B.

The Statue in Clay.

"MAKE me a statue," said the king
"Of marble white as snow;
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne at my right hand,
The niche is waiting — go."

The sculptor heard the King's command,
And went upon his way;
He had no marble but he went,
With willing hands, and high intent,
To mould his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay,
But he knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain,
It lay beyond his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow,
To-morrow it stood still:
The third day all was well again:
Thus year by year, in joy and pain,
He wrought his master's will.

At last his life-long work was done —
It was a happy day;
He took his statue to the King,
But trembled like a guilty thing,
Because it was but clay!

"Where is my statue?" asked the King.
"Here, Lord," the sculptor said.
"But I commanded marble." "True,
But lacking that, what could I do
But mould in clay instead?"

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go,
Since thou hast done thy best:
Thy statue shall acceptance win,
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue and it changed;
The clay falls off, and lo!
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
An angel, pure as snow!

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Salem observed its Children's Sunday quite "out of due time," but with none the less gladness and profit. A friend who was present at the services, Sept 13, thus writes: "The festal occasion which was deferred from the usual season because of the absence of the pastor abroad, was observed last Sunday under brilliant auspices. The gorgeous beauty of the floral decorations rivalled any former display by the parish. The wealth and splendor of color of the early autumn flowers, illuminated the altar and surroundings with a prismatic effect that attaches to the glory of a magnificent sunset. Beauty and fragrance ruled within, pure air and bright skies cheered without. A great congregation was in attendance, and the popular pastor was in his happiest mood. Except the address, which was short and pertinent, the services were pleasantly conducted by the School. Several children were consecrated in baptism, and thus closed another of the white days in the annals of our dear old School."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—The church at Marlboro' is now without a pastor, but a minister lately preaching there brings the good report that "the good Superintendent, Br. Collins, with his assistants has kept the Sunday school alive and in order, and the ladies have not for a moment lost sight of their duty." That is a good fashion our Sunday Schools are learning, in the frequent change of pastors.

NEW YORK.

—On the 19th of August, the Universalist Sunday School of Orangeville united with the Baptist School of Spring Valley in an "old-fashioned" picnic at a beautiful grove in Orangeville. The day was unusually fine, and besides the members of the two schools, a large number of people assembled from the neighborhood, some even coming from quite a distance to enjoy the occasion. It was estimated that fully five hundred persons participated in the enjoyments and exercises of the day. The forenoon was spent in games of croquet and other out-door sports, or in rambles through the quiet retreats and shady nooks, where no sound of the crash and bustle of the outside world could disturb the communion with Nature, as here found in some of her most beautiful forms. During the afternoon, the whole company joined in that excellent service in the "Altar" which is arranged for a grove meeting commencing, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Remarks were made by the Superintendents of the two schools, and several selected hymns and songs were sung, after which the people returned to their homes, well satisfied with this "Union picnic," which had proved such a grand success. The utmost unanimity and good feeling was exhibited between the members of the schools, though a majority of the members had never met before. Such an occasion is especially worthy of record in these times, when there is too little of the fraternal union and spirit among the different sects.

—A letter from Macedon to the *Guiding Star*, written by one of the little ones describes the recent picnic there as follows: "July 22d, our Sunday School went to Sodus Point, and oh! what a nice time we had. We started at 8.10 A. M. No accident occurred or anything to mar our pleasure; all passed off pleasantly. At 2 o'clock P. M., we took the steamer J. J. Morely and had a pleasant time on the lake. Our Superintendent, Mr. Lyman Bickford, deserves much praise, as he bore all the expense of the Sunday School, and did all in his power to make it pass off pleasantly. 9.15 P. M. found us again at Macedon, a little bit tired and sleepy but happy as larks."

—At Nyack, on the Hudon, the Methodist and Universalist Schools united in their picnic, which was held at Closter. The ride down the river banks was greatly enjoyed and a long and lovely day was spent in a large grove near the village, with all the usual sports. At half past four, the large party, more subdued than in the morning but not less joyous, returned by cars to their homes.

—A friend from Troy, on the Hudson, also writes the *Star* of a picnic held the last of July. "The Sunday School with a few friends went down the Hudson river about eighteen miles, and landed at a beautiful place known as Knickerbocker Island. Here we met the Sunday School from Hudson and had music, games, dancing, etc. The Hudson school came up on the regular boat which runs between that place and Albany. The idea of having two schools meet at this place was suggested by the Hudson friends and their invitation was readily accepted by the Troy school. Rev. Mr. Tomlinson was present and made it very pleasant for all who attended. Our schools have had their annual excursion for some time but on a larger scale heretofore. None have been more satisfactory than the one this year."

PENNSYLVANIA.

—The Society and Sunday School of Erie, took their annual excursion to Niagara Falls, where a rare day of enjoyment was spent, and one long to be remembered. Twenty-five car-loads of people made up this great excursion, the number being estimated at twelve hundred. And after all expenses were paid, $175.00 remained to the benefit of the parish.

OHIO.

—From New Madison comes a pleasing item about a Sunday School excursion. "Our School is prosperous, numbering about seventy-five. On the 21st of July we chartered a special train and made an excursion from New Paris to Dayton and the Soldier's Home, which netted us $177. We found J. D. Ellison of Cincinnati, Superintendent of the Little Miami Railroad, with whom we contracted, a gentleman, and we *hope* a *Universalist!*"

—The Ohio Sunday School Convention holds its annual session October 21st and 22d. Each Sunday School in the State has two delegates, and an additional one for every fifty scholars over the first hundred. The full programme is not yet given.

—A large number of our Sunday Schools in the Western States close their exercises by repeating the Profession of Faith and the Lord's Prayer in concert. The custom is an excellent one, for thereby the leading principles of our faith are firmly impressed upon the minds of the young people.

—Albany, New York, has a Sunday School Superintendent who has not been a moment late during his service of forty years. With him we may couple Chief Justice Williams of Harttord, Conn. When he entered the Sunday School everybody knew it lacked just three minutes of the opening.

—An Easton, Pa., Sunday School recently decorated the graves on its anniversary occasion. This is a good example.

The Epileptic Child.

MARK i. 17–27.

When the Gospel of Matthew was studied by all our schools, last year, lessons were given on the same events recorded by Mark after the healing of the deaf-mute. That is probably the reason why these events are passed over, in our lessons for this year. If we read carefully the eighth chapter of Mark, as I hope we all shall, we shall find that after making this dumb man to speak, Jesus was again followed by great multitudes as he returned towards the sea of Galilee, and he repeated the miracle he had before performed, and fed the hungry throng, by distributing seven loaves and a few small fishes among four thousand; and again there were taken up seven baskets of fragments. After this, reaching the sea he crossed it and returned, holding at every point conversations and teachings with the people. When he reached Bethsaida he healed a blind man by his touch.

Then he went through the towns of "Cæsarea Philippi." The Roman name is here given to this region — the part of Cæsar's empire governed by Herod Philip. And in this journey he began to talk to his disciples plainly of his death, and of all the solemn events that were soon to happen. It was here, probably on one of the lesser slopes of Mount Hermon that the wondrous scene of the Saviour's transfiguration was witnessed by three of his disciples, as recorded in the first part of the ninth chapter. They were returning from the mountain after this strange and heavenly vision, when the miracle of the lesson was performed.

On meeting the multitude Jesus found his other disciples trying to cure a child who had been brought by his father on account of his affliction with what we call epileptic fits. It is said that he had "a dumb spirit," and that oft-times he fell in the fire, and oft into the water, and that he foamed and gnashed with his teeth. All these are symptoms of this kind of fits which many of the readers have doubtless seen. He is also said by Matthew to be lunatic. This kind of fits, long-continued, affect the mind, and this lad had had them from his infancy. This disease is of course very hard to cure, and the disciples had tried in vain to exercise on him the power with which Jesus had endowed them. When *he* appeared, the father, driven to despair, turned from them and appealed to him, "If *thou* art able to do anything, have compassion on us and help us!"

Jesus always had compassion; but coming fresh from that sublime scene of communion with God, it seemed strange to him that any one should doubt his power to do what he was so willing to do. From what an overflowing heart he spoke those great words — "*All* things are possible to him that believeth."

It was so full of power and sweetness and hope that the father of the poor child was melted to tears, and cried out, "Lord, *I* believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Then even when the child was in convulsions Jesus "rebuked the evil spirit," and commanded it to come out of him. The convulsions ceased and the child lay as one dead; then he raised him to his feet and the child was healed.

Whether Jesus spoke to the supposed evil spirit to humor the fancy of the people, who believed in this cause of disease, or of the lad himself, as he had humored the whim of the insane man; or whether that is a poetic way of expressing it, as it is said that he "rebuked" the fever, or the wind and the sea, we do not know. It is sufficient to say in our plainer language, that he spoke the word and the child was healed.

This was one of the great miracles of faith. "Why could we not cast him out?" anxiously asked the disciples. "This kind cometh forth" — or, this disease is healed — "by nothing but by prayer and fasting." How could we be told more plainly that prayer makes us strong! Those who live near to God and trust in him have a power by which they can almost move the world, and nothing can overcome them. Jesus had just come down from the mount of vision, and he was clothed upon as it were with the very power of the Father. He was inspired with the light and love that had shone so full upon him there. That was why he could perform this great work in which his cold-hearted disciples failed. So we may have by prayer and love to God, our mountains of vision, from which we can come down strong to meet and overcome all the troubles of the world. Let us all pray, as did the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith."

Enigma.

I am composed of forty-two leters.
My 4, 18, 19, we should not do.
My 20, 26, 9, 32, 38, is a useful animal.
My 41, 19, 18, 26, 19, is a vegetable.
My 7, 27, 41, 15, 40, 29, 24, means dry.
My 31, 41, 15, is not I.
My 2. 34, 15, 23, 30, 18, 11, 22, is a girl's name.
My 1, 34, 42, is not good.
My 25. 26, 14, means a dandy.
My 5, 6, 35, 36, is opposite to buy.
My 26, 10, 7, 13, 9, 8, 28, 17, means united.
My 37, 12, 21, 10, 14, is an animal.
My 1, 3, 39, is an insect.
My 16, 26, 15, 40, 33, is not smooth.
My whole is one of Christ's sayings.

Answer.

SEPT. 16. Honour thy father and mother.

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